

Indigo

issue fifteen

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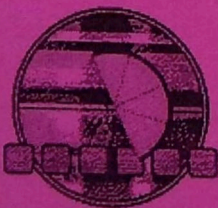
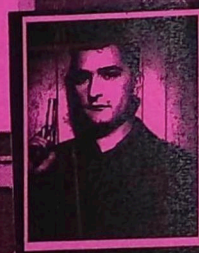
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INDIGO #15... first published Autumn 2003...
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A message from your queen

Welcome to Indigo #15.

I'm Michelle, or Mish, if you're not feeling so formal. It's kind of hard to believe I'm back after two years 'hiatus', but here I am. One thing that makes me happy is the fact that no matter what happens, I can never completely stop writing. Regardless of the events that take place, either internally or externally, I always start writing again. I know I am incapable of not doing it, and that gives me some satisfaction.

The last time I wrote an intro for *Indigo*, I was in a bad place, indeed. No more than 4 months after moving into my first studio on Damen, I got arrested for credit card theft, and was fired from my job. Things pretty much sucked for me at that time. I was without a job for many months, and I had a lot of time to think about the fool things I did. But I am happy to say that I'm doing much better. At least job wise, anyway. For the past year, I've been working as a receptionist at an Aveda Salonspa. I never imagined myself in a place like that, but it's a good company, and I'm happy there! The people I work with have become a sort of secondary family. There's a sense of camaraderie there that I've never experienced at a job before, and I've made a handful of new pals. Yay, Mish.

I'm still on probation, and once a month I have to journey to the wasteland that is Skokie and give them my hard earned money, but that will be over in less than a year. I wish I could say I've reformed completely, but that just isn't true. I've not touched a credit card since this whole thing happened, but I have slipped up and nicked things a few times. For the most part though, I'm doing okay.

I'll admit I was really slacking on getting this issue out. I don't have any real excuses. I was going through a lazy phase, no question about it. But I haven't been just sitting on my ass! No seriously. I've been working on a few different projects. For one, I'm now making custom greeting cards. Over the years I've amassed tons of clippings, fliers, photocopies and the like, and creating mixed media cards with this stuff is a great way to put it to use. I love going to Jo-Ann fabrics and getting cool craft supplies like scalloped scissors and origami paper and rubber stamps. Oh yeah, fun times. You can now buy my cards (and *Indigo*) at Sticky, a zine shop in Melbourne Australia. For more info, write Sticky, P.O. Box 310, Flinders Lane Post Office, Melbourne, Victoria, 8009, Australia. Or if you think you'd like me to make cards for you, drop me a note and I'll send you more info.



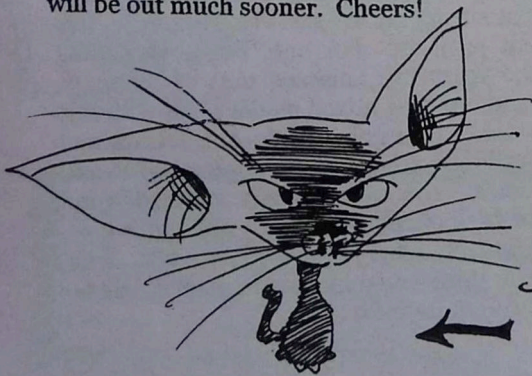
This was completely unintentional, but this is the first issue where I have a bit of a theme going. A lot of the stories in here are about people I've known through letters. I've been feeling nostalgic for the way the zine scene used to be. I remember when communications were primarily done through the mail. Nothing can compare to coming home to a mailbox full of decorated envelopes, collecting the little odds and ends people sent with their letters, or a getting lapful of confetti when opening a package in my car. I'm glad we can communicate with each other more quickly and on a wider scale, but I miss that personal touch a lot. Keep letter writing alive! Send someone some snail mail today.

I was thinking about this, and for the most part, I've been feeling really good lately. Compared to where I was a couple years ago, or even a year ago, I'm much improved. I'm a lot more stable, and I'm staying out of trouble. I'm happy to report that I'm seeing someone now. After several years of wasting my time and emotion on those who did not deserve it, (and couple more years of being alone) I've met an incredibly sweet boy who completely deserves my affection. (Let's all say it together now, "Awwww...")

I've also finally made a career decision. I'm going to become a teacher for Chicago Public Schools. I start at DePaul this fall. I want to teach high school English, for a start, and then eventually teach at a college level. I thought that art school was the best place for me for long time. I looked into The School of The Art Institute, Colombia and some others, but I just couldn't (and still can't) decide what area to focus on. So I'm just going to get a degree in writing, because it's what I do best. It seems the practical thing to do.

I'm excited to be in school again. Three years in the working world has definitely made me realize the importance of college. This is the first time I've taken time off, and I'm more than ready to go back. I've always been comfortable in that type of environment. My mom's an administrator at Wright College, and I've been going to work with her since before I can remember. I got my Associates at Wright, and it was a good experience. I know DePaul is going to be different. (It will be weird going to a religious school again. I wonder if it will bring back that lusty, rebellious attitude I had when I attended Mother Guerin High School for Girls....just kidding!!) But seriously, it will be very good for me. I'm going to be working hard these next couple years, but I'm ready for it.

Enough of my rambling, enjoy the issue. I promise the next one will be out much sooner. Cheers!



BASIL, the super-Kitty
... drawn by James

Indigo #15...The Soundtrack

The Faint: Danse Macabre
The Pixies: Dolittle
The Cramps: Fiends of Dope Island
Everything But The Girl: Back to Mine
Chicks On Speed: Will Save Us All
St. Etienne: Tiger Bay
Led Zeppelin: Houses of the Holy
Charlie Parker: Bird of Paradise, Cool Blues
Romeo Void: Warm in Your Coat
Ladytron: Light & Magic
Nico: The Classic Years
Moody Blues: Days of Future Past
Miss Kittin and the Hacker: First Album
Rasputina: Cabin Fever!

Things I've Seen Written on Bathroom Walls...

You cannot hate what you haven't previously loved

I wish I had more to leave behind.
-- My Legacy

Billy, you are my ZERO!

Watching you piss is getting me off like none other

Toilet Tour 2001

"Michelle Forever"

A Letter From Dad...

Jan 6th. 2002

Hello Michelle

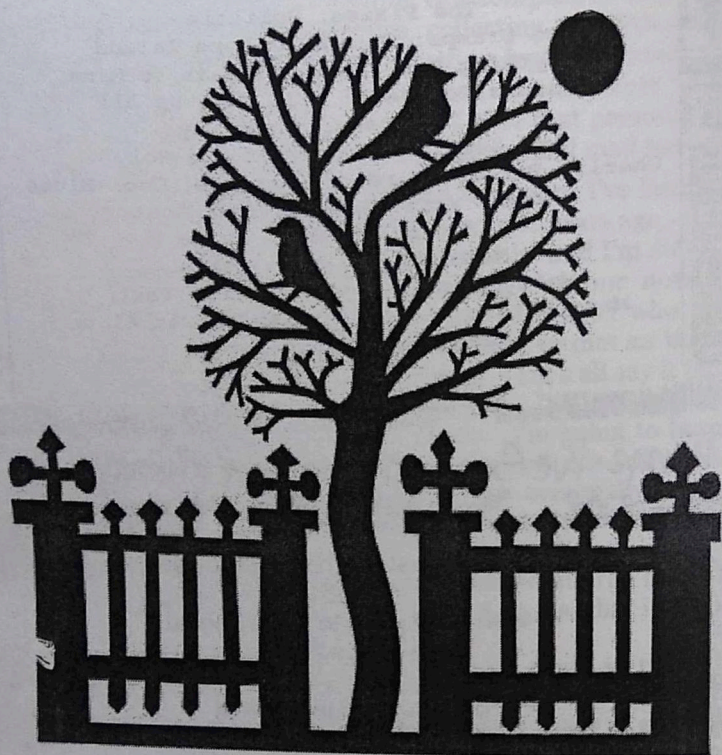
Ever use a manual typewriter? Its fun, and defintley

a piece of History.

Hope you can use it and you have many happy hours poun
ding away.

Love
Dad

On writing a perzine.



A perzine (as in 'personal') is a zine about one's life. For the past eight years, this is what Indigo has been: my life. When I first decided to write a zine at the age of fourteen, I was incredibly happy. I knew I had found something that I was meant to do. I could express anything I wanted in any way I wanted. It was good for me back then, and it still is.

I've been thinking a lot about my zine, lately. Specifically, about the type of writing I do. In Indigo, I'm pretty much naked. My loves, my fears, my sense of humor, my pain and my obsessions are there for anyone to see. I know writing is choice I make, but sometimes I wonder if it's trap I put myself into.

There have been quite a few times in the past where something I'd written in Indigo has embarrassed me, gotten me in trouble, or somehow caused an awkward situation. It's a pattern I am getting all too familiar with. But I'm not sure how to avoid these situations. Once I start writing a story, I don't hold back. I include all the details I can remember to recreate my feelings at the time. I try to recreate the mood. That, to me, is the most effective way to tell a story.

There have been times where someone used something they read in Indigo against me later. I've embarrassed myself countless times by revealing feelings about people that should have been kept private. And most recently, my boss got a hold of Indigo#14, in which I write about how I went to jail for credit card fraud. That particular situation worked out all right. The fact that she read

that essay actually made us closer. She agreed to give me a chance, and now things are really good. But I could have gotten myself in a lot of trouble (or at least fired) for something like that. I know sometimes I cross that line between being candid and revealing too much, but to be perfectly honest, I don't think I know how *not* to do that.

This is a dilemma I have been thinking about for quite some time.

Someone recently told me something about my writing that I'd never heard before. He said as well as I write, I do myself a disservice by getting to a point in my essay and not finishing the thought, sentence, or action. It's a good point. If I don't want to write about something, I should stop. I shouldn't tell my reader I don't want to write about it.

I can't believe I didn't realize I was doing that. My story ideas almost always stem from some emotional experience. And once I start to let it out, I just keep going and going... It's such a cathartic experience. It feels so good to be able to get it out of me and onto the page. But sometimes I look over what I've written, and I think I may have revealed too much. But what usually happens is I end up shrugging it off, or I like the rest of the piece too much to trash it, and I skirt around the issue in question, leaving my reader confused. That has to stop. Back when I was as kid I could be half-assed about this, but I've come too far to stop right in the middle of something just because it means exposing a vulnerable part of me. I can't leave my reader to figure out what I mean. Can I? Obviously, I'm still not sure how I feel about this.

It's frustrating because I realize that I'm going to have to go one way or the other. I am either going to have to accept the way I write and anything that goes along with it, or, as hard as this may be, give it up for a while and concentrate on other projects.

Good writing is supposed to stir something within us. Good writing is supposed to make the reader feel a connection with the author, regardless if they've had similar experiences. When I read something that touches me like that, I feel like there's hope in the world. I'm touched when I see that someone had the courage to drag it all up, to examine it, to leave that nerve exposed. It inspires me to do the same.

Over the years I've gotten letters from people that have made me so happy to do what I do. I've been told my writing made them think, rethink, cry, laugh and remember. I've been told I was an inspiration, and I've sent similar letters myself. When one human being can have that much of an affect on another's life without ever meeting them, I think that it can't be all that bad.

The very backbone of zine culture is about the individual. The self. It's about taking one's experiences and one's life, and turning it into something physical, something visual. And that will always be a double-edged sword. I'm interested in hearing what other writers think about this subject. Is there a line that you can't or don't want to cross with your writing? How do you figure it out? If you want to express something, but are unsure of the consequences, do you stop yourself? I am so confused about this right now. It's a bridge I have to cross before I go any further. ©

Misheard Lyrics

What happens when you think you know the right words to a song, only to discover they're something completely different? You get a Misheard Lyric, of course! I'm always hearing the wrong words to songs, but I've found that the wrong lyrics are often funnier or better than the real ones. Send your own Misheard Lyrics to me, along with the real words and the title/artist. Also, check it out the book, "Scuse Me While I Kiss This Guy" for a great collection of Misheard Lyrics. Thanks to Jeralyn, Christopher, Mike Cooper, Dad, Annie, Nick and Diana for your contributions!

KEY:

Title/Artist

Misheard Lyrics

Actual Lyrics

The Clash, No War

"When I walk down enemy streets"

"When I walk down any street"

Bee Gees, More Than a Woman

"Bald-headed woman"

"More than a woman"

Elton John, Someone Saved My Life Tonight

"Someone shaved my wife tonight"

"Someone saved my life tonight"

Prince, Raspberry Beret

"She wore rags, very good rags"

"She wore a raspberry beret"

The Cure, The Lovecats

"We move like Cajun tigers"

"We move like cagey tigers"

Snoop Dawg and Dr Dre, Nuthin But A G Thang

"Rollin' down the street, smokin' En Vogue"

"Rollin down the street, smokin' endo"

The Smiths, Sister I'm A Poet

"They pull up in their petrol vans"

"They pull up in their Citroëns"

Bjork, Hidden Place

"My mother is sun-baked..."

"My mother and son baked..."

Siouxsie and the Banshees, Slow Drive

"Blow dry"

"Slow drive"

Flashdance Theme Song

"Take your pants off, make it happen"

"Take your passion, make it happen"

Def Leppard, Pour Some Sugar On Me

"Pour some shook-up Ramen"

"Pour some sugar on me"

once again, we venture into the
early days of mish's life with..



I started writing to pen pals when I was about eleven years old. Since then, I have corresponded with hundreds of people all over the US and the rest of the world. These days, penpalling as I knew it is pretty much dead. It's been a hobby of mine for most of my life, and I'd thought it was about time I wrote about it.

This embarrassing, but it all started with *Tiger Beat* and *The Big Bopper*. I used to buy those magazines to collect pictures of my ultimate crush—Eddie Furlong. (You know, the boy in *Terminator 2* who said, "You can't just go around *killing people!*") I don't know if they do this anymore, but back then there was always a pen pal section where you could send in your photo and description. There were listings from all over the world. This was quite exciting for me. I started sending out letters every day. At first I didn't get any responses, but that didn't stop me. I kept writing to anyone I thought was interesting, and eventually people started writing back.

Penpalling was my life while I was growing up. I wrote to hundreds of people over the years. I can recall a lot of them, but there's no way I possibly remember them all. I even got a few of my friends into it. There was a time when I used to send out five or more letters every day. The first thing I'd do when I came home from school was check my mailbox. And more often than not, there was a pile of colorful, thick envelopes waiting for me. I wrote to people from other states, and also places like Japan, Finland, Italy, Sweden, The Philippines and Germany. I learned a lot from them, and I'm sure I've influenced some of their lives, too.

Penpalling used to be this huge underground phenomenon. The internet has truly killed that, and that's sad. It was similar to the internet, but more personal and a lot more creative. There were lots of little groups that formed one huge international network. We used a lot of the same slang and creative misspellings, and people often went by pseudonyms rather than their real names.

One of the things I miss most about it was Friendship Books. As soon as I discovered them, I was instantly hooked. Here's how they worked. Friendship Books (called FB's for short), were small stapled paper booklets were passed on between pen pals as a way of communication, artistic expression, and of course, to find new people to write to.

It was the coolest concept. Let's say you wanted to start an FB. You'd begin by stapling anywhere from 5 to 20 small sheets of paper together. You could make it for yourself or for someone else. If it was for someone else, you would probably include their address and interests on the cover as well, but there was a lot of variation. The cover could be decorated any way you imagined. Next, you'd send it to one of your pen pals. I used to keep a box of them, and whenever I wrote to someone, I'd pick out a few and drop them in the envelope. The next person to receive the FB "signed" the first inside page with their name and address and decorated it however they wanted. Then they'd pass it on to someone else, and the chain continued.

The whole idea was that when the FB was full, it was supposed to be sent back to the person who originally made it. That rarely happened, but it was always fun to get one that was almost full, to see where it had been and what kind of people signed it. What people did with their pages varied greatly. A lot of people made beautiful designs with fabric paint, confetti, glitter, magazine clippings and things like that. Some of them were so cool that I wanted to keep them, and I am kicking myself in the ass for not doing that. The art I do today is much influenced by FB's. I made hundreds of them over the years (and signed just as many) and I even got a couple sent back to me after they had been filled.

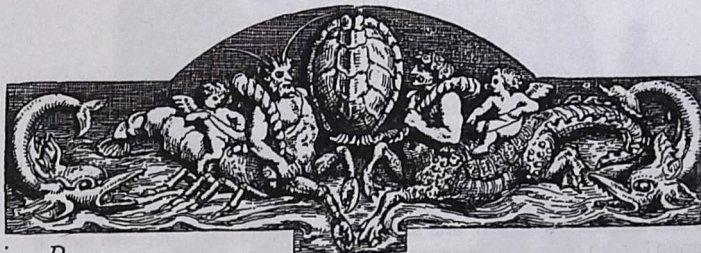
Also passed along with FB's were Slam Books (commonly called Slams). They weren't as common; but they were even more fun because you got to answer questions. The cover done was pretty much the same as a regular FB. On the first inside page you signed in with your name and address. There was usually a number next to your name so your answers could be identified later. The sign-in page was often divided into boxes so the last person would be more likely to send it back. On each inside page was a question that everyone had to answer. There was often a designated "free space" on the back of FB's and Slams where you could write whatever you wanted. Pen pals used this space to write shout outs to each other or say any last words.

I had no idea about any of this at the time, but FB's and Slams were a great example of mail art, a genre that I just recently found out exists. In Gianni Simone's article "An introduction to mail art" (published in *Zine World* #18) he writes, "Mail art, or correspondence art, is a loose international network of people who exchange mail, artworks and ideas both on a one-to-one basis and participating in international projects and exhibitions... There is no leadership, no manifesto, no written rules. The only common trait in all this action is the fact that communication and especially the sending of art and other works is done through the mail... after all, the real masterpiece is not the single artwork but the endless exchange going on, day in day out, throughout the world."

What I really want to know is, are FB's completely dead?? Does anyone remember them or still trade them? If so, I want to hear from you. For something that only went out a couple years ago, it's amazing how few people remember them. I want to bring FB's back. Not to get more people to write to; I'm too busy these days for that—but to keep the mail art underground alive. To pass ads and info along or to keep each other current on what we're doing. I'd like to see this happen, but I have my doubts because most people are so hooked on the convenience of the internet. I suppose you can't beat instant and free. Even I don't succeed with my FB revival, I will always remember them as an awesome movement that has come and gone. These days, most of my correspondence is zine-related. I have a couple of people who I still write to, but unfortunately, I just don't have time for it anymore. Pen paling has definitely made me much of who I am today, and I will always look back on it fondly. ♥

W/B/A/S/A/P!

A brief history of a couple of my most influential pen friends.



Liza Romero Baltimore, MD

One day, while looking through one of my magazines, I came across a cute Filipino girl with straight black hair and short stylish bangs. Her name was Eliza Romero, and she lived in Reisterstown, Maryland—an upscale suburb of Baltimore. Right away, I could tell she was different from the other girls in the pen pal section. She listed Eddie Furlong as one her favorite celebrities which was a definite plus, but her favorite bands were Divinyls, Siouxsie and the Banshees and Guns N' Roses! And she was 11—just like me. I wrote her right away, and Liza and I became great friends. She was the first person I became close with through the mail.

We wrote from age eleven to fifteen. Liza was truly fabulous. She always knew the latest in everything: fashion, music, movies—you name it. I always loved to experiment with fashions, but Liza introduced me to haute couture—Dior, Jean Paul Gautier, Anna Sui, Christian Lacroix, Yves Saint Laurent and the like. I started dressing more creatively. It wasn't long before I got a subscription to *Vogue*.

Liza also turned me on to a lot of great music, and I did the same for her. She had amazing taste for someone her age. Her collection was an eclectic mix of underground alternative (well, back then, it was just called 'alternative') house, classic rock, and hardcore rap. We traded some kick ass tapes. She'd record bands like Primus, Shonen Knife, Cypress Hill, the Flaming Lips, Deee-Lite, Led Zeppelin, Dream Warriors, and so many others that I wish I could remember now. I still have one of the tapes she gave me. Liza was such an inspiration to me. We spoke on the phone a couple of times, but regretfully, I never got to meet her.

Sarah Moscow, ID

Sarah was a hardcore punk rock girl and a very talented writer. I was instantly intrigued by her letters—loose-leaf paper covered in slushy handwriting, crazy sketches and anarchy signs drawn everywhere, her i's dotted with x's. She was passionate about music. Her absolute favorite band was Rancid. I will always associate them with her. (This was in the early '90s when they were still fairly underground. I wonder if she was still loyal to them once that whole Berkeley scene hit the mainstream. I'm guessing she probably was.) Sarah and I didn't have a lot in common musically, but we never ran out of things to talk about. Our letters were always emotionally charged. She'd had a hard time growing up, and punk rock and writing was what helped her through it. Her poems were scathing and full of raw emotion. They could have easily been turned into fantastic punk songs. I wrote a lot of poetry back then, and we sent pieces back and forth with every letter. We always talked about our work and gave each other suggestions. Unfortunately, I lost a lot of her poems, but one piece in particular has always stuck in my memory. It was called "Pieces of You".

*I found pieces of you
On my floor
I knew that you
Couldn't hurt me no more
When I slipped on the blood
That covered the floor
I laughed and I smiled
And I killed you some more*

Like most intense relationships, mine and Sarah's didn't last very long. We wrote regularly a year and a half, and then her letters started to slow down. Eventually, they stopped completely. About six months later she wrote, and I was so excited to see her slashy writing on the outside of the envelope. When I opened the letter my smile faded. It turned out that there were several reasons why I hadn't heard from her. She had met some older guy who she lost her virginity to, and she'd gotten into it pretty deep with him. It seemed like an unhealthy obsessive relationship. Besides that, she'd also had gotten heavily into crank. I didn't even find out what crank was until years later, but I knew it was kind of like coke and addictive as hell. She and a couple other people stayed in the house for months, only leaving to get more drugs. Sarah once told me that junkies don't have friends—just people to get high with and people to rip off, and she didn't want to be like that anymore. I was worried about her, but I never lectured her. I hoped she would when she was ready.

She wrote me a few more times, each letter bearing a different return address. She was homeless; drifting around like so many punks do. One of her last letters was a happy one; she had finally got to meet Rancid after one of their shows near Portland. It breaks my heart to write about Sarah now; I haven't thought about her in such a long time. She was so fucking talented, and it hurts to think she may have pissed it all away. But who knows, maybe she's in a band somewhere, writing amazing songs and giving caustic performances on stage. I hope wherever she is, she's doing alright.

Meg/Anni Smith San Francisco, CA

Meg was like the older sister I never had. We wrote for eight years and formed a deep emotional connection. She was a big, pretty girl with hair down to her hips, and a Pisces, like me. She was always going through transformations. When I first started writing to her, she went by her real name, and later she changed it to Anni. When I asked her why, she said she didn't want her lovers and friends calling her by the same name her parents did. She had a fine relationship with her family, so I never got that. That's just the way she was.

Meg was a bit star-crazy. She always had some famous person she was obsessed with. In the early days she was hardcore into the LA glam scene. She'd go down and see all the shows, and she *always* met the bands. It never failed to amaze me. She even dated Axl Rose for a while.

She was another great writer. She gave good critiques and encouraged me when *Indigo* was in its early stages. Her layered, prose-y writing was not always readily understandable, but I think she liked to hide behind that. When she was about 19, her boyfriend overdosed on heroin and killed himself. She was pregnant at the time, but ended up losing his baby. She tried to get pregnant a few more times, but always miscarried. She also had a long, torrid relationship with the beautiful Christine, her former best friend. I didn't think it would last, but they were together for several years before it finally fell apart. We wrote through it all. We were always there for each other. She taught me a lot about being strong.

I talked to Meg on the phone a lot, and I met her a couple times. She came out to Chicago one year and spent a week with me, and in the summer of '97 I went to San Francisco to visit her. I really looked up to Meg. I thought we'd write forever, but a few years ago, she and I had a stupid falling-out, and I haven't talked to her since. I miss her a lot, and I still think of her often. I have a feeling that our paths will cross again one day. In one of our cheesier moments, we said we'd be like "Beaches". I suppose only time will tell.



The lulling *sounds of* large machines

I'm just wondering how it got to this. I used to be the girl who used to look for trouble and write mordant poetry and paint her eyes black every day. I'm thinking about my past. I've gotten involved with lots of things <and people> I shouldn't have gotten involved with. I've done horrible things to myself. I've made quite a few bad mistakes. I don't regret these experiences, though. I'm not proud of them, but they've made me who I am.

God, I've changed so much. This year I feel I've grown more than I ever have. And yet, when it's late, and I've spent a little too much time alone, I can get like this again. Pieces of the Old Mish come back and I have to wonder...

Why, if I am so young, do I feel that life has passed me by?

Listening to the lulling sounds of large machines

Wondering why I feel so tired

Tried of trying, tired of believing, tired of wishing for whatever is supposed to find me.

Tired of trying to find It.

Getting angry at myself for not finding it.

Tired of listening to Gothic.

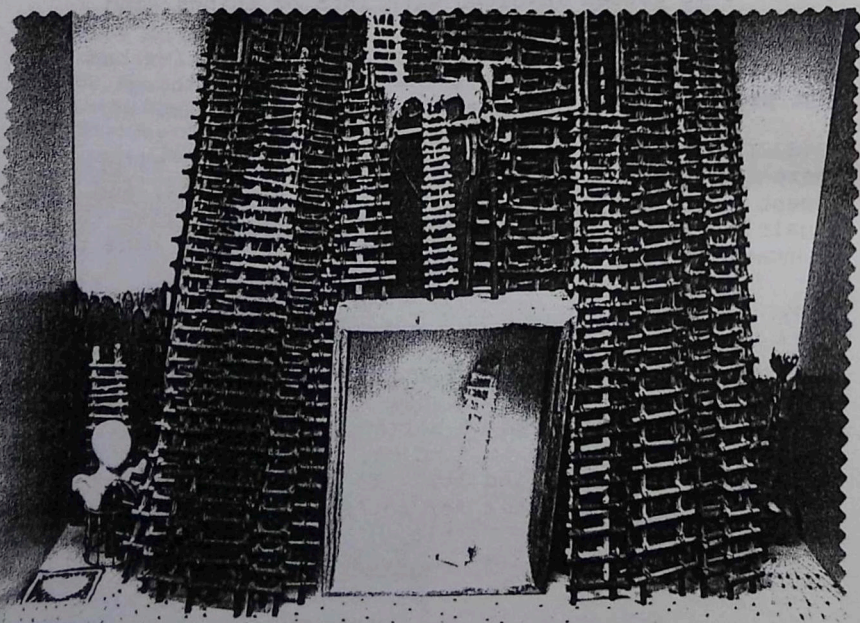
At least I've never lost my sense of irony.

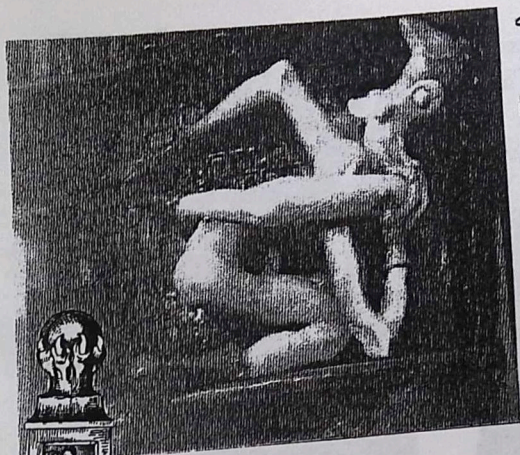
Freddy

wrote me out of the blue one day.

The letter was a collage of comic book clippings, spidery drawings xeroxed on lurid red paper, and cutouts from anatomical textbooks. It was postmarked Memphis, Tennessee. I have no idea where he got my address. I suppose he just saw it floating around somewhere in the snail mail circuit. For all I know, he's still be out there, fascinating someone like me with his enigmatic and compelling mail art...

The thing that chilled me the most about Freddy, more than the photos of handmade dolls and bookshelves with fantastically weird titles and the matchsticks arranged in painstakingly precise designs, were the ladders. One day, he sent me two ladder sculptures....a white one and a grey one. They appeared to be made from some kind of clay that looks plastic-y when it dries. Thin wispy threads of this material clung creepily to the rungs. I turned them over in my hands, wondering what on earth they were, and what they meant to Freddy.

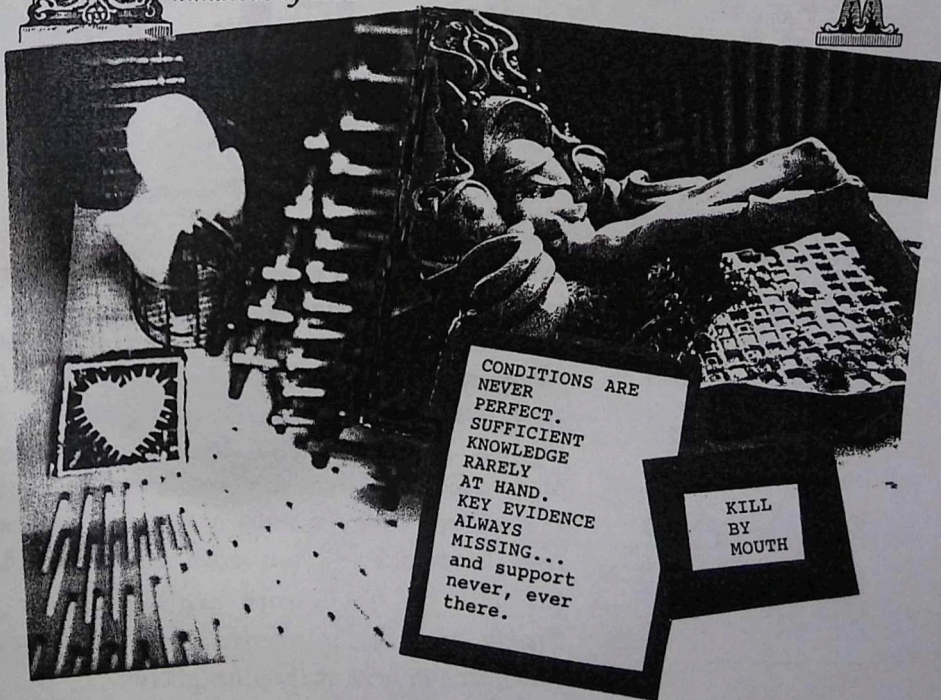




DUE TO LACK OF
 FUNDING...
 WE SWISH
 REMOVES A
 UTERINE TUMOR....
 WITH HIS
 TEETH.

I picked up the note that he had enclosed.
 Between his hieroglyphics and drawings and
 unrelated digressions was a little paragraph in
 which he mentioned the ladders. He said he was
 making them because he was trapped in hell, and if
 he made enough ladders, one day he'd be able to
 climb out.

For a long time, this image stayed with
 me. I imagined him holed up in his house of
 oddities, meticulously crafting hundreds and
 hundreds of ladders to ensure his salvation.



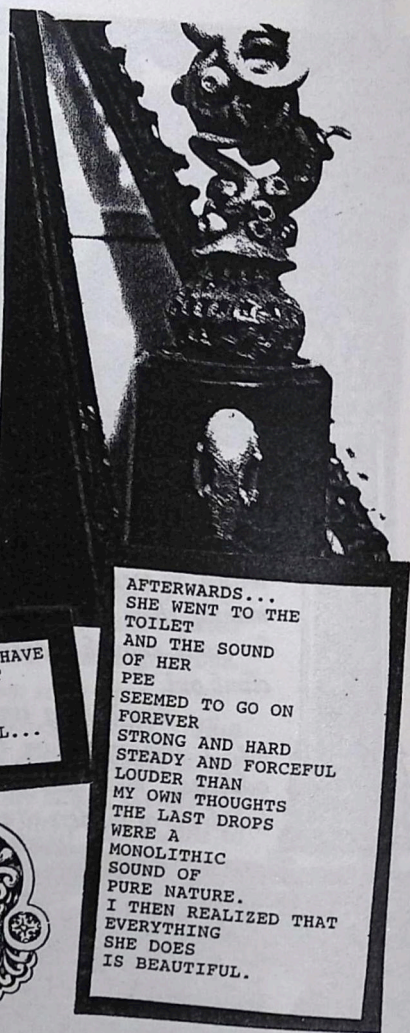


AND IF YOU DON'T GET FREE I'M GOING TO
KEEP YOU LIKE THIS ALL DAY



I DON'T
MIND

ITS BETTER TO HAVE
LOVED AND LOST
THAN TO HAVE
NEVER
STALKED AT ALL...



AFTERWARDS...
SHE WENT TO THE
TOILET
AND THE SOUND
OF HER
PEE
SEEMED TO GO ON
FOREVER
STRONG AND HARD
STEADY AND FORCEFUL
LOUDER THAN
MY OWN THOUGHTS
THE LAST DROPS
WERE A
MONOLITHIC
SOUND OF
PURE NATURE.
I THEN REALIZED THAT
EVERYTHING
SHE DOES
IS BEAUTIFUL.

Freddy and I wrote on and off for quite a while. I refer to him as male, and I'm pretty sure he is, but I have never been completely sure. He sent copious amounts of matte-textured photographs with each letter. Some showed a girl, about seventeen or eighteen, in shapeless black clothing. She always had a black smear across her face. It looked like makeup or paint of some sort. It stretched across the bridge of her nose, from one cheek to the other. I have often wondered if this girl with the black stripe was "Freddy" or if Freddy was the thin, bespectacled, sandy-haired young man in some of the other photos.



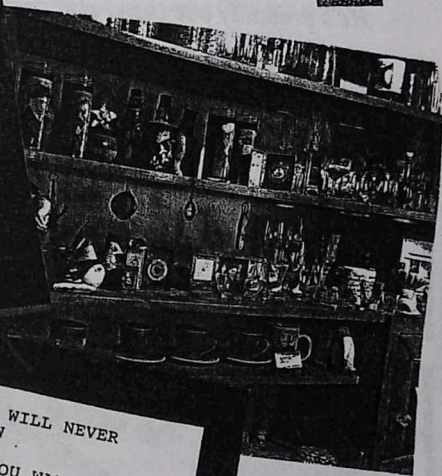
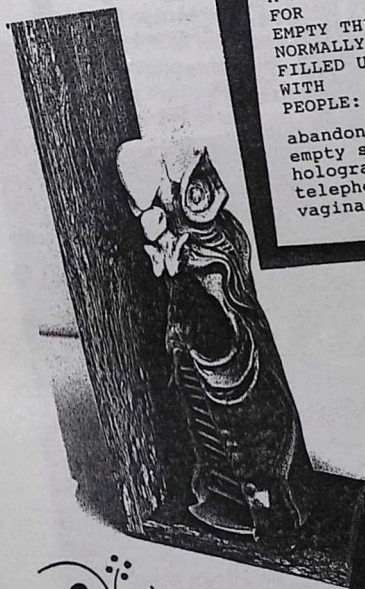
I've saved everything he's ever given me. His art and his starkly-typed mini-poems have been in past issues of Indigo. I could imagine him clickety-clacking away at his ancient typewriter, the kind psychos and serial killers always have. I've got a box filled with photographs of his clay sculptures, passages torn from books, images of spiders and spider-man (his idol) pages from old medical texts and atlases, worn pulp novels, and scraps of memorabilia from a time I never knew existed. Freddy was the most amazing collector I've ever known.

I've never met or even spoken to Freddy. Our correspondence ended as abruptly as it started. It was probably my turn to write, and I let my letters lapse accidentally. Later I tried to revive things by sending a postcard, but he never responded.

HE HAD
A FONDNESS
FOR
EMPTY THINGS
NORMALLY
FILLED UP
WITH
PEOPLE:

abandoned houses
empty stadiums
holograms
telephone booths
vaginas...

YOU WILL NEVER
KNOW
ME
AS YOU WALK
BY MY HOUSE.
EVERYDAY
YOU WILL NEVER KNOW
THAT
I
AM
THE
CREATURE
WHO
THINKS OF YOU
WHILE WRITING
EVERYTHING
IN
CAPITAL LETTERS



WHY
IS
ACCEPTANCE
YOUR
PRIMARY
GOAL?

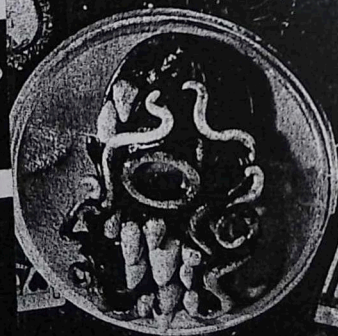
We don't want
SKINNY
on our team!

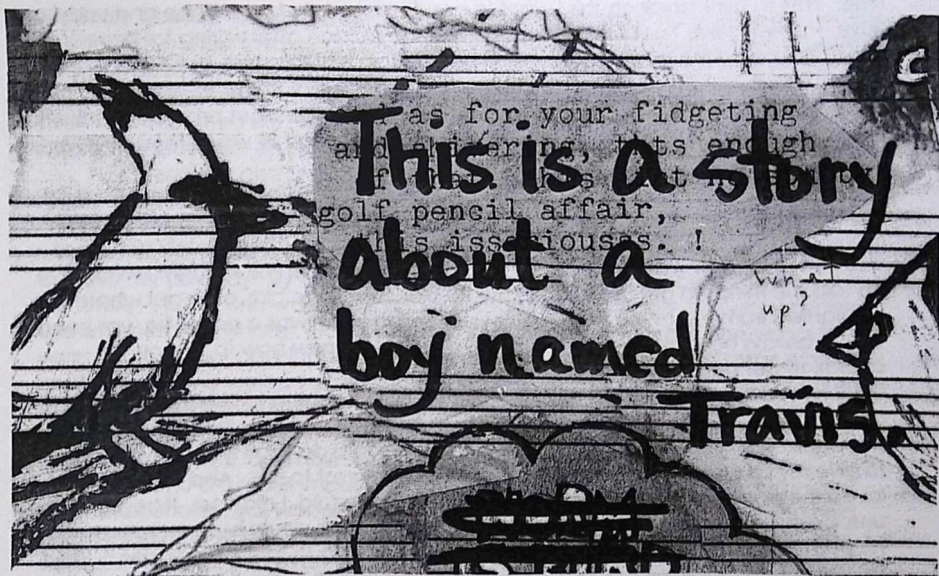


Freddy told me something I'll never forget. He told me not to make a bad thing worse, but to make it horrific in my art. To use my words as bombs, as lethal weapons to change poor spectators' lives. I keep that in mind every time I work on Indigo. It's been extremely helpful to me.

I'm not sure what happened to Freddy. He's probably out there, still doing what he does. I wonder if he'll ever know how much he inspired me, or the effect his strange, desperate beauty has had on my life. *CS*

when you stop
drinking,
you have to deal
with
this
marvelous
personality
that started
you
drinking ..
in the
first place.





It's one of the hardest stories I've ever had to tell. My relationship with him has affected me significantly, but until now I've never written about it. I've got volumes of journal entries, but I've never sat down and tried to tell the whole story from beginning to end. But I'm ready now. It's been long overdue.

Most people can never begin to understand what I went through with Travis. Collectively, I've only seen him in the flesh for about 12 days, but we managed to keep a relationship going in some form or another for nearly six years. For most of that time, he lived in Phoenix, and the last year he lived in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Our relationship was at once self-destructive and passionate, heartbreaking and monumental. I grew up with him, and getting over him was the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Travis and I met through the mail. I was sixteen. He knew my friend Anni from San Francisco, and she'd told him about *Indigo*. He wrote me a letter one day and we became friends. I had never met a boy like him before. He read Oscar Wilde and Poe and Walt Whitman. He liked The Smiths and The Cure and Nine Inch Nails and all the bands I liked. He was smart, charming and sensitive. I thought I was in love with him almost from the start, but I knew he lived far away so I kept it to myself. We kept writing for about a year, sharing the woes of loneliness or relationships gone bad, assuring each other that we were brilliant and beautiful and that happiness would find us eventually.

One day I wrote a thinly veiled piece about my feelings for him and put it in *Indigo* #5. That's one of the good things about a zine: you can make your feelings known in roundabout ways. He understood, and our bridge from friendship to romance was the most natural in the world.

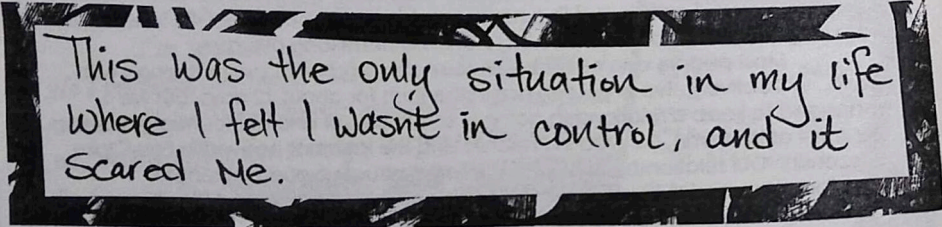
Some things in life seem to come just when you need them most. I was so naïve and full of raw emotion back then. I thought Travis was the One who was going to fill every void in my life. I can never describe the happiness that washed over me in the beginning. I went through entire days in a state of bliss. I never needed sleep. He had a third shift job at an answering service, so I used to talk to him from eleven at night to seven in the morning, and then go to school the next morning at eight. I did this several times a week for years. I spent so much money on long distance bills; it was insane.

Our relationship definitely changed once we started talking on the phone. Things were getting more intense. We started to talk of meeting, of being together one day. I knew it was crazy, but I didn't think about the possibility of it not working out. At sixteen, I thought that was the way love was supposed to be.

The winter of my senior year, Travis came to Chicago to visit me for the first time. When I think back on this I want to cry. I was so full of pure hope and undying 'love' for him. I was finally going to see him face to face after writing for three years. How surreal is that? That week is not the focus of this story, but it was important because it was the first time I got to see the real Travis. As time went on, I began to see that he wasn't just a little unstable. He had serious problems. I didn't learn the full extent of it until years later, when our relationship was almost over, and it was too late.

The first thing I found out was that Travis was a pathological liar. He made up a life for himself based on what he wished was true. He lied to me about so many important and trivial things over the years; I'm still not completely sure what was true and what wasn't. He made himself into the person he thought I wanted. He told me things to get me to feel sorry for him, to admire him, or to get whatever he wanted from me at the time. Later I learned that this was a game he was good at. He always had some girl to take care of him. He knew how to turn on the charm, to get people to trust him.

Travis was an expert manipulator. He could get me to do absolutely anything for him, and I did. I gave him much of my innocence; things I can never get back. I did things for him that I never dreamed I'd do for anyone. I was willing to give my soul, to sacrifice the things that were dearest to me. And he knew it. He loved the power he had over me. And if the truth be told, I did, too. It became an unspoken Game, a constant interplay to see how far he could push me. And when he pushed too hard, he knew exactly what to say or do to make me forget it. He'd be the one to make me cry, but he'd also be the one to make it better. It was very much the classic S/M relationship—without any physical contact. This is essentially



This was the only situation in my life where I felt I wasn't in control, and it scared me.

what brought me back all these years. It was an obsession, an addiction. And like an addict, I didn't care how much I was hurting myself, just as long as I got what I wanted.

As the years went on, he kept doing things that hurt me. He lied, kept things from me, lead me on and used me for things. And like a fool, I put up with it. I dated a few people in between (and a few during), but I always came back.

There were times when he'd do something particularly cruel and I'd leave him for a while—sometimes for a short time, other times it lasted for several months. Eventually, either he or I would cave and the whole thing would start again. It was a self-destructive cycle for both of us, but we had gotten so deep into it that neither of us knew how to function without the other. That's really what it came down to. We needed each other for our own reasons. He could make me feel incredible; as all the poets and songwriters through the ages would never come close to describing. And he could make me feel so hopeless that I honestly believed I couldn't live without him. This was the only situation in my life where I felt I wasn't in control, and it scared me. I tried to get over him several times, and I couldn't. Later, I learned that there is a psychiatric term for this: Obsessive Love.

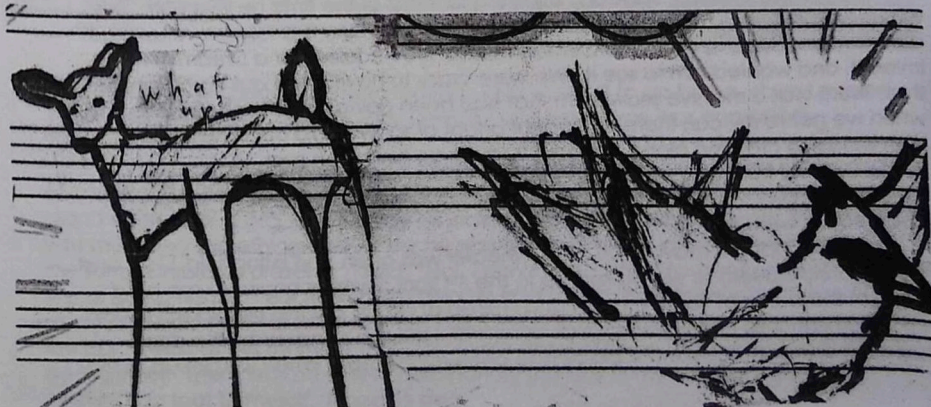
When Travis first told me he had MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder) I thought it was another lie, an attempt to get sympathy from me. But after everything that's happened, I know now that it was true. People who have had intensely traumatic experiences as children will sometimes invent other personalities or 'friends' to help them cope with what happened. His father mentally and

physically abused him for most of his life until he left home in his early teens. He had no concept of how to love, or how to accept love from another person. Looking back, it makes so much sense. He could shift gears like no one I'd ever known, and he had numerous sides to his personality. They were so vastly different from each other that it seemed like he was several people in one. My mom even made that comment about him once, and that was before she knew anything.

There was also Tina. Tina was the girl that he lived with for the last three years we were together. Of course, I had to find out about her hard way. And of course, he always tried to mask what was really going on. They were only roommates, he said. Or they were together, but he didn't love her, and was going to leave her any day. By this time, I had pretty much stopped believing him, or in our future. I knew Tina was there, and I accepted it. Strangely, I never considered Tina an enemy, and later, I formed a bizarre connection with her. She was a few years younger, but our birthdays were days apart. We were of the same ethnic background, and we had similar looks. I know it's twisted, but I felt a sort of kinship to her because she was going through all the same things I was. She understood what it was like to deal with Travis, except it was much worse because she lived with him. I have no idea how she managed for so long.

His MPD and his impulsiveness were much worse when he was drinking, and his alcoholism got worse with each passing year until he couldn't even hold down a job. Tina was working two jobs and supporting both of them. I felt incredibly sorry for her, even though it was just as much her fault. He pulled a lot of stupid shit, and she was always there to bail him out. We both were, in our own ways. Towards the end, he was drinking every day. He'd have these episodes when he'd start crying and raging and saying stuff like he was going to commit some crime or kill himself. Sometimes he'd self-mutilate. Tina called me a couple of times when she didn't know what else to do. I guess she was hoping that I could appease him somehow. Talking to her was surreal after being lied to about her so many times, but we weren't in opposition. We were working together to try and help him.

The last year of our relationship was the worst. Finally, an incident occurred that made me realize I needed to leave Travis forever. As soon as he moved to Eau Claire, I was able to see him with more frequency. (I drove out there a couple of times to see him while Tina was away—and if you know me, a solo five hour road trip is not something I would normally attempt. I always amazed myself with the things I'd do for him). When we started planning his trip to Chicago, Tina had a part in it. I should have taken this as a warning at the time. I know now that she was encouraging him to come out and see me because she was exhausted with taking care of him. She was hoping that this trip would somehow make it work out for us and I'd take him in to live with me. It sounds awful, that he was little more than a burden to be passed between us, but I can understand her position. A person can only take so much. So she lent him her car, and he drove out to Chicago to spend the weekend with me.



This was one of the most fucked up times in my life. I knew I had a serious problem because I was sneaking around. I was talking to Travis in secret, and I told no one of our plans to meet. By this time, my friends knew full well that he was no good, and they couldn't understand why I kept letting him hurt me. They were getting tired of the constant drama and I didn't blame them. On the night he was due to arrive, I made plans to see *Requiem for a Dream* with Nick and Mike Cooper so they wouldn't think anything was up. It was crazy to think they wouldn't find out he was here. But as usual, when it came to Travis I wasn't thinking straight.

Those few days were some of the most emotionally exhausting of my life. I was between apartments and living temporarily with my parents at Irving Park and Harlem. Half of me was thrilled to see him. It was always surreal to have him in front of me after all those years of calls and letters. At first he was the gentle, sweet boy I originally fell in 'love' with. We walked downtown, went for coffee on top of the Sears tower, all that cutesy romantic shit that couples do. I was almost starting to think it would be okay. But I had no idea how serious his mental state had gotten. It didn't take me long to see he was in bad shape. I thought I knew him before, but there was a lot that I didn't know, and I was in no way prepared for it. His first mistake was to not bring his meds with him. He was also drinking heavily that weekend. Neither of us had any money, so I started stealing bottles of Amaretto and Jack Daniels for him from grocery stores. I know I was making things worse, but I was in a haze. I didn't know what to do.

This is a classic example of how much influence he had over me. I had plans to get an apartment with Nick that spring. We had all but signed the lease on this big place in Humboldt Park. But Travis somehow convinced me that it would be a better idea to move in with him, and for some fucked up reason, I agreed. The night we went to Nick's house to tell him is one I wish I didn't remember. I thought I had lost Nick's friendship for good that time. Here I was, with this guy he hated and knew was so wrong for me, telling him through my tears that I couldn't move in because Travis and I were going to live together.

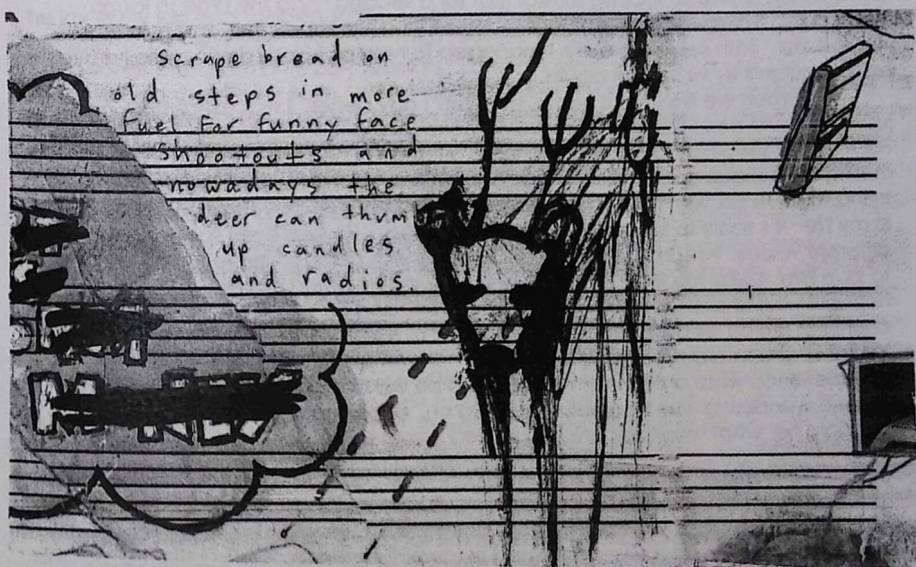
People who have had intensely traumatic experiences as children will sometimes invent other personalities or 'friends' to help them cope with what happened.

We pretty much stayed in my room for most of the time he was here. This was the winter of 2000, and it was bitterly cold. On Sunday night, however, we got antsy and decided to go to the Century Mall to see *Requiem for a Dream*. I had loved it, and wanted him to see it. We were crazy to have gone out on a night like that. There was a massive snowstorm that had been going on for quite a while, so when we got to my car, there was about a foot of snow to dig out. There were high winds, so crawling along at about 20 miles an hour took over 45 minutes to get to the Century from my parents' house. (Of course, we had to stop along the way for a bottle of Jack.) When we got there the mall was empty, but the door was open, so we went in.

We thought maybe the movie theater was open (the listing said 11:10 and it was barely eleven) so we walked up to the 6th floor. I was annoyed to see he'd brought the bottle of Jack with him and I hissed at him to put it in his jacket. It was eerie being in that place when it's all deserted. I still don't know why the doors were left open. It was like the place had been evacuated. When we got up to the

movie theater, it was obvious that it was closed. There wasn't a soul in sight. Travis, who had nearly finished the bottle by this time, thought it would be a good idea to go into the deserted movie theater. I hesitated....I was sober and starting to get annoyed, but my healthy appreciation for rule-breaking got the better of me, and I followed him.

Once we were in the silent, cavernous theater, he got another idea. He thought this would be a good place to mess around. And once again, I let him persuade me. We had barely gotten started, when he suddenly stopped and looked around. He said he thought he saw a light go on. I looked, but I didn't see anything. I was getting really annoyed now. I was fed up with his drinking and his paranoia. I was annoyed that we had traveled all this way to see a fucking movie that wasn't even showing. And all of a sudden, I just wanted to get out of there. I didn't want to have adventures. I didn't want to be caught with a boy with a bottle of Jack in his jacket in Century Mall when it was closed. I got up and started to walk out, leaving him there. He got up and followed me, asking where I was going. "We're going home now", I said, and pushed the doors open. The bright mall lights blinded me. He was following me, clutching the bottle of Jack and swaying as he walked. "Come on," I said impatiently. I turned around and walked down the back stairway, toward the exit. When I got outside the freezing air stung my face. The wind felt like it was going a hundred miles an hour. I started to walk to my car, thinking he was right behind me. I got inside and sat behind the wheel, waiting for him. After 10 minutes went by, I began to have a bad feeling. I really



didn't want to go back out there, though. I just wanted to go home. It was maybe 11:30, and the intersection of Clark, Diversey and Broadway was completely deserted.

I got out and walked back toward the mall. I found him in the entrance of Borders, hugging his knees and muttering to himself. I was so fucking pissed, I didn't even think. I grabbed him by his jacket and pulled him away with me. He was muttering something about how he was going to break into Borders and get me some Christmas presents. I said, "No! I don't need any Christmas presents. We're going home." But he kept insisting he had to get them for me. He twisted away and tried to run back there, but I grabbed him again and lead him toward the car. It was at this moment that I lost every shred of hope that we would ever be together. There was no way I could handle this boy in my life every day. I couldn't do that to myself. It had to stop.

All I wanted to do right then was to get him back home. We'd deal with everything in the morning. He stumbled into the car, still muttering and asking the same questions over and over as drunks tend to do. I started to drive home. I've never seen Travis so fucked up before. I think he sensed that he had gone too far. Somewhere in his drunken haze, he knew that I was done forever and he didn't care what happened to him anymore. Halfway home, he opened the door and ran out of the car at a red light. For a second, I just stared as he took off down a snow-filled alley. I couldn't believe it. I had no choice but to stop the car in the middle of the street and run after him. I will forever remember that scene: running through an alley in the middle of a snowstorm. Chasing after him, and grabbing him while he wriggles out his jacket and disappears. And I'm standing there, holding it as he runs off, screaming "COME BACK HERE!" at the top of my lungs as tears streamed down my face. I wanted to leave him in that alley, to be done with him forever. But it was extraordinarily cold, and all he had on was a t-shirt. If I left him out there, he would probably have died.

I went back to the car and circled around, looking for him. He was nowhere to be found. I was crying hard now, and I could barely see anything. I was hurting so much at that moment, for both of us, and I couldn't deal with it. I got out of the car again and started calling his name over and over. A man in a minivan (the only other car I saw out during the storm) drove up and saw me there. He asked me what was wrong, and I choked out, "my boyfriend....he's....he won't come back, he ran down the alley...and I can't....i don't...." and this man looked at me with this utmost sympathy and told me I needed Jesus in my life and drove away. It was so fucking surreal that for a second I had the urge to laugh hysterically. Travis walked up at that moment, and I grabbed him and shoved him into the car. With some difficulty, I managed to hold his hands down while I drove so he wouldn't try to run out again.

When we finally got home, he wasn't any better. I was exhausted, and I just wanted to go to sleep, but he was wide awake and there was no ignoring him. For the next several hours until morning he alternated between drinking, crying, curling up in a ball and muttering things to himself, saying hurtful things to me, and trying to have sex with me. I have never been so disturbed by someone's behavior in my life. It's scary to see someone switch like that. He was even speaking with different voices. At some point, he decided he was going to leave, and I didn't try to stop him. I was too tired to argue, and he wouldn't listen anyway. After half an hour or so, he knocked on the door. I opened it, and he was standing there with chunks of ice on his bare feet. I tried to make him settle down, but it was no use. He left and came back several more times. That was the night my whole family got to experience what a night with Travis could be like. I was sure they were waking up and wondering what the hell was going on. Finally I went in my sister's room and told her what was happening. I started crying because I'd kept so much in for so long, and I just couldn't deal with it anymore. I needed help. She got up and said that we'd do something about it.

I think Travis was going through an emotional breakdown. This trip was his last hope. After it was clear that he'd lost me for good, he had no desire to be in control anymore. It was five or six in the morning at this point. My parents had heard the commotion and had gotten up. As it turned out, my mom helped me out more than anyone. She was amazingly intuitive and understanding. She didn't know everything that was going on, but she knew Travis needed help that we couldn't give him. It was going to be difficult, but he had to go, and we both knew it. It took another couple of hours, but we finally got all his stuff together and got him in her car. She was going to drive him back to Rockford (his car had stalled on the drive to Chicago, and I'd picked him up from the gas station out there). From



I wanted to make this trip as painless as possible for him, so I sang one song after another until we were there. Mostly Tori Amos songs; stuff from *Little Earthquakes*. Later my Mom said that it was the saddest thing she'd ever seen.

there, he could call Triple A and get himself back to Eau Claire. It was the most heartbreaking drive of my life. I'll never forget that faraway look in his eyes. He was somewhere where none of this was real and nothing could hurt him.

At long last, he was starting to exhaust himself. On the way to Rockford he lay in my lap and sobbed softly. I wanted to make this last trip as painless as possible for him, so I sang one song after another until we were there. Mostly Tori Amos songs; stuff from *Little Earthquakes*. Later my mom said that it was the saddest thing she'd ever seen. When we got to the gas station, I helped him out of the car like a blind man. I stood, facing him, trying to find a piece of the old Travis in his eyes, but there was only pain there. I pressed some money into his hand. A few tears leaked out of my eyes. I kissed him once, and we left. That was the last time I saw him.

I had a long talk with my mom on the way home. She couldn't believe I'd kept it a secret for so long. I couldn't either. I realized what a wise woman my mom is, and just how badly I needed her. I was exhausted, I was in pain, and I had a lot to deal with, and she helped me so much. She listened. She didn't judge me. She could tell that I was shaken by what had happened. It felt so good to finally have someone else know. To have someone understand how I could care so much, but need to let go. It's unfortunate that it had to get to that point: where it was almost out of hand and my whole family was involved, but that's what it had to take to finally end it all. After that, there was no more trying to stay away. My feelings were dead. What I thought was love was dead. It's ironic—I told him I loved him thousands of times, but I was never in love. It was just a powerful combination of obsession and infatuation.

The night we dropped Travis off, he broke into a liquor store in Eau Claire and got arrested. The last I heard, he was in a mental hospital/detox program. Tina moved back to Arizona to try and get her life back together, and although I haven't talked to her in a while, I trust she's doing well.

It's been almost three years since this happened. It feels so good to look back on this now, because I know that part of me is gone forever. As strong as I am now, it's hard to believe that I would ever put up with so much. But Travis wasn't the only one with problems. I used to have a very low self esteem and I engaged in all sorts of self-destructive behavior. I used to be attracted to people that hurt me, and Travis hurt me more than anyone. But that's in the past now. I love myself too much now to ever let someone treat me like that again. I've gone through a great deal of pain because of him, but I worked hard to make myself better, and I succeeded. For the first time I'm in a healthy, normal relationship, and I can truly appreciate what it feels like to be happy. The fact that I can finally tell this story means more to me than anyone will ever know. ©



Kill your television and indulge in
this intellectually stimulating literary movement.

FOUND magazine

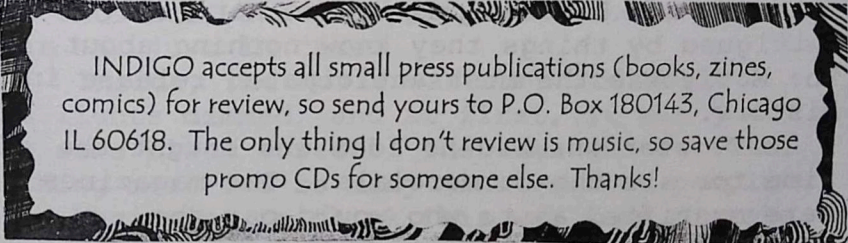
"Why do I love FOUND things? I get high off driving around this country and talking to people, watching them, listening to their conversations. *Feeling* them. There's no better way to really feel someone than to read a note they've written filled with subtle shades of what they really want and what they're most afraid of. FOUND stuff can be at once hilarious, beautiful and heartbreaking," --Davy Rothbart

FOUND magazine is my new obsession, and a fabulous addition to the zine world. I just wrote them a fan letter, and I actually used the phrase "FUCKIN A!" in it. Davy Rothbart, the creator, has his own impressive collection of found items, but he encourages people to send in letters, grocery lists, fliers, drawings, and even the objects that they've found to be printed in the magazine (but they've specified no more dead animals). I not going to attempt to describe FOUND magazine too much, it's the kind of thing you just have to see for yourself. It's a great concept. Honestly, it's something I'm kicking my ass for not thinking of myself, but Davy and his crew do a superior job. The presentation kicks ass. It's crudely cut-and-taped in the traditional zine format, which I love. You don't see that too much anymore. Minimal effort went into the actual placing of the notes and things, but it adds to the feeling of randomness that found things create. Issue #1 has a great interview with *The Reader's* Lynda Barry, where she shares her obsessions with found objects. It's printed on thick, high quality paper, and the found stuff is reproduced well, which is good, cause this is one you're gonna want to keep on display. *FOUND magazine*, 3455 Charring Cross Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48108-1911 foundmagazine.com.

Viper Press Presents
Blue Fire Hereafter

Jon Resh

This is one of the most unique publications I've ever come across in a while. Outside, it's a glossy-covered and professionally bound. Inside, it's everything a zine should be. The graphic design and most of the text is done by Jon, and both blew me away. He opens with, "There is a small but annoying faction who feel a zine shouldn't merit perfect binding, gloss cover, etc., because it goes against the implicit conventions of zinehood: cheap, spontaneous and disposable. Hey, fuck that. All of my favorite smudgy, newsprint/xeroxed rags of yore are falling apart after a decade of enthusiastic perusal, so to hell with disposability." I couldn't agree more, and I think it's a great concept. Jon is a writer/journalist to be admired. Just a few of the articles in the 155-page book/zine include a history and appraisal of cockroaches, a collection of short, beautiful "bagel girl poems" written by a friend of his, research pieces on the guillotine, sleep deprivation, and the laser, the haunting art of Virgil Finlay, "The 7-Inch Epiphanies: 23 Records That Saved My Sorry Ass", A heavy-hearted tribute to D. Boon of the Minutemen, and interviews with professional crime cleanup crews, Gary Pressey, the organizer for the Cubs, an investigative social worker, and Satan. I can't say this a lot, but there was a ton of shit in "Blue Fire Hereafter and I found all of it to be to be interesting. Truly a great effort. In fact, after I give this one back to James, I'm going to get my own copy, and you should too. Jon Resh, P.O. Box 3394, Chicago, IL. 60690-3394 jonresh@yahoo.com



INDIGO accepts all small press publications (books, zines, comics) for review, so send yours to P.O. Box 180143, Chicago IL 60618. The only thing I don't review is music, so save those promo CDs for someone else. Thanks!

Fear and Trembling
Amélie Nothomb

In ancient Japanese tradition, foreigners wishing to approach the emperor were expected to adopt an attitude of 'fear and trembling'. This potent novella tells the story of young, ambitious, Amélie who leaves her native Belgium work in the import/export division of the Yumimoto Corporation in her birthplace of Japan. From the start she is excited about her mundane work and eager to please, but it doesn't take long for poor Amélie to work her way down the corporate ladder. As a European woman raised partly in Japan, she is at once insider and outsider: she is accused of creating an "appalling tension" by speaking perfect Japanese while serving coffee at a meeting ("How could our business partners have any feeling of trust in the presence of a white girl who understands their language?"), and is ordered to speak only English henceforth. She is awed by her immediate superior, the beautiful and unusually tall Fubuki Mori (whose name means "snowstorm" in Japanese). Amélie is unable to complete the Sisyphean tasks doled out by her superiors, (like photocopying the same page thousands of times until she got it right) and she is eventually demoted to cleaning the restrooms. I really loved the humorous and effective detachment throughout the book. Amélie, for example, finds comfort in a recurring fantasy of falling through one of the company's 44th-floor windows. It's a self-deprecating and wise tale that reveals much about sexism and racism in Japanese society, and even more about the rituals of corporate culture.

THE MOVIE

Suddenly, it was everywhere. Commercials, magazine ads, billboards, internet pop ups, and every kind of media possible all bore the same message. In white lettering, on a black background, were the words, "The Movie" and a release date that was a year ahead. Nothing more. In a short amount of time, the media was saturated with the message, but no one knew where The Movie came from, who made it, or what it was about. Soon people all over the country were talking about The Movie. On the street, complete strangers would ask each other, "Are you going to see The Movie?" and the answer was always yes. The mystery surrounding The Movie was so intense, and because people are naturally intrigued by things they know nothing about, The Movie was the most anticipated release in history.

TV stations had no idea who bought the time for all the commercials. The magazines were mystified as to who would pay the astronomical rates to print the same ad over and over, page after page. Ads for The Movie could be seen in anything from the Reader to Highlights. From the New York Times to High Times.

The buildup seemed to go on forever. The commercial was on TV more than any other. It was on every channel, day and night. It always showed the same black screen, the same white words, and the release date for a full thirty seconds of complete silence. People stared at the message, transfixed, wondering what the hell The Movie could possibly be. Was it a joke? A political statement? An overrated film school project?

It was the topic of talk shows and radio programs everywhere. TV evangelists said it

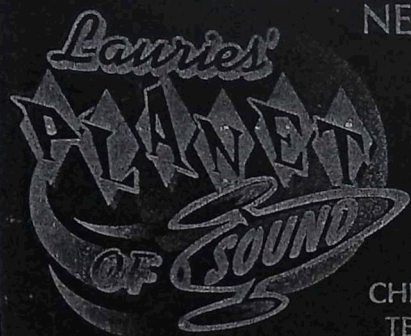
was a message from God. Kids asked their parents and teachers what The Movie meant, but no one had an answer. It became an issue of philosophy, a topic in coffeehouses and dive bars alike.

The theaters were sold out for months before The Movie was scheduled to be released. They charged unheard of prices for the tickets because the demand was so great. People started to get desperate. They sold their possessions, bargained and schemed in order to be among the first to see The Movie.

Finally, the day had come. It was opening night. Drove of people who couldn't get into the movie theaters were lined up outside, waiting to hear the reaction from those who were fortunate enough to get tickets. Security guards were stationed at the entrance, and the police had their riot gear on, just in case.

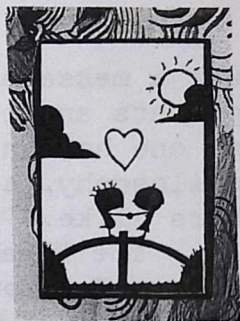
Inside, The Movie was about to begin. The lights dimmed, and at first, it was just the same black screen. The same white title. Nothing more for so many minutes that people were beginning to think this was some mistake, some horrible joke. And then the images started. Animal mutilations, torture, screaming, vomiting, rape, dismemberment, disgusting sex acts, cannibalism, and countless other unspeakable horrors filled the screen. The scenes started changing faster and faster, until there was no time to recover from the last horrifying image before the next one appeared. After an eternity of this, or maybe just several excruciating minutes, the screen went black again, and a message flashed over and over:

HITLER WAS A JEW
HITLER WAS A JEW
HITLER WAS A JEW
HITLER WAS A JEW
HITLER WAS A JEW...



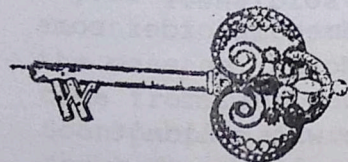
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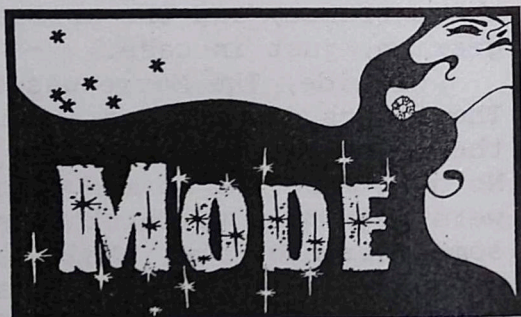
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Paula Jasinski is a good friend of mine and the cover artist for this issue of *Indigo*. She's a freelance illustrator; doing everything from horror chapbooks to pet portraits. She also has a line of accessories (purses, cell phone snuggles, etc) several of which are available at Monkey Business Gallery in Chicago. If you are interested in receiving a brochure of her work, send a SASE with a quick note specifying art, accessories or both to: Paula Jasinski, 2019 W. Iowa #3R, Chicago, IL 60622 or email smobeezoohoo@yahoo.com

Thanks!

James Schroeder-
for your support,
encouragement and
er, discipline

The Aiello Fam

Mike Cooper,
as always

Helen Lee

Christopher Barron

Nick Britton-
Slayer for life

The "Spunk" girls

Siobhan Rhyce

Paula Jasinski-
for a kick-ass cover
and an excellent
proofreading job

Diana Olson

Jared C. Wood

Sydney Teagarden

John Lorek

Wilson--I miss you!

Dave Romano

Luke Sinclair at Sticky

Dee P. Picasso

Christian Hill

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